MAKER OF HISTORY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Master Mummer,"
"A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterlous
Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress."

AN'S CRY.

EXI

sitting at a small rom which every-sert had been reed his own glass Spenger both helped them-lost mechanically. A cloud at hid bung over the little uncombe raised his glass and anter of port. tents. Then he set back in his chair. ed his own glass ner-

of worry and nerves"— hand over his forehead yes as though they were I am sorry! Foryou can, George!"

"Andrew" Duncombe anshall think no more about

same time," Pelham con-ere is another point to be is the one person whose You ver even heard her name before you. You went abroad, like cretion goes without saying. d fellow you are, to find her for assure me that you have dis-

r honor, George. Is this absohave discovered nothing about s Poynton," Duncombe declared

yllis Poynton and Miss Fielding wo very different persons." Dun-

at may be so," Pelham said, "al-h-I find it hard to believe that ever gave two women voices so tly similar. Yet if you are asthat this is so, why not be alther frank with me?"
hat have you to complain of?"
combe asked.

oftly heard the girl's voice in the lane

ng I grant everything that

g at Runton Place, and calling herf Miss Fielding, is not in reality

Ouncombe lit a cigarette and passed

"Do you know what they are saying onight of Mr. Fielding and his daughter?" he asked quietly. what they are saying

an adventuress," Duncombe anement's notice, and without taking to go without them. are of their host and hostess. Rene sort of young person to ob-pitality under false pretenses, hen abuse it-to associate herdea," Pelham said quietly, "is

while we are on the subject," Spenmay I ask you a few ed, drawing the cigarettes ton any relations in

ot to my knowledge," Peinam another for a great many years, never heard either of them men-

go to Paris, then?"

"To meet her brother."
'And why did he go abroad?"
'It was a whim...! think. Just a dehe settled own to live the life try genileman." believe that he had no other

"I think I may go so far as to say that I am sure of it," Pelham replied. "One more myestion," Spencer add-

the question remained unasked. as announcing Lord Runrose to his feet in sur-

moment a sudden fear nected visitor. Lord Runton, howwed no signs of any great dis-

will try a glass of your port, if I

able for him and left the room. of recovering the letter. oward Spencer, to whom he had just drove off. Von Rothe is dealing with

'Mr. Spencer," he said, "my visit to-th is mainly to you. I dare say you fre aware that a somewhat unpleast thing has happened at my house. is morning and inquired for Mr. Field- me now why you called at my house

Quite true," he answered. "I called, did not see him. He appears to have left somewhat hurriedly while You did not even catch a glimpse of

You know Mr. Fielding by sight, I

"I have seen him in Paris once "You will not think me impertment for asking you these questions, I am sure," Lord Ranton continued apolo-

ncer answered. "He

courtesy. You are acquainted with Mr.

"I have not that pleasure," Spencer answered. "I am afraid I must confess that my visit was purely one of curi-

"Curiosity!" Lord Runton repeated. "Exactly. Do you mind passing those excellent eigarettes of yours, Lord Runton hesitated for a moment

He was conscious of a certain restraint seld, "I am ready for the in Spencer's answers. Suddenly he turned towards him. "Mr. Spencer," he said, "may I ask Daily Messenger'-the Mr. Spencer house. With his hand upo who was mentioned in connection with knob he waved them back.

remember it. I want the investigations into the Lawson estates?" Spencer nodded. "Yes," he said, "I am that person.

"Then," Lord Runton continued, "I the dining room want to tell you exactly what has hap-

cer answered, glancing towards Pel- from your library."
ham. "Quite impossible," Duncombe coolly "None whatever," Duncombe ans- said. wered, also glancing towards Pelham.

There was a moment's silence. Pelham raised his head.

Duncombe moved uneasily in thing. Let me put you upguidance, but found his head averted. Lord Runton raised his eyebrows from a wide open window. slightly at what he considered a some what vulgar curiosity, but his reply

was prompt. "You are a friend of Duncombe's, Mr. Pelham," he said, "and that is enough. I have to ask not only you, but all three of you, to consider what I am going to tell you as absolutely confidential.

They all signified their assent. Lord Runton continued: "Mr. and Miss Fielding came to me

with letters from my brother, and with many convincing proofs of their identity. We none of us had the slightest suspicion concerning them. Their be-Something has happened at Runton been. Nothing about them excited remark in any way, except the unusual havior was exactly what it should have mark in any way, except the unusual number of telegrams and telephone messages which Mr. Fields messages which Mr. Fielding was ale rumors. This afternoon I dis- ways receiving. That, however, was quite in accord with our ideas of an She was crying out as though American business man, and didn't A few minutes later I heard seem to us in the least remarkable."

The telegrams were delivered to the seem to us in the least remarkable." "The telegrams were delivered per?" he asked. then I entered the room you would through a neighboring office?" Spencer asked quietly.

"Yes," Lord Runton answered, "but say, Andrew," Duncombe answered. they were all in code. I happen to of these men first." har pened with regard to Mr. brought the first one up himself, and the curtain which concealed it. Then felding and his daughter which have explained that he was afraid that he opened the library window, and a sulted in their leaving Runton Place must have made some mistake as the moment afterwards the door.

even that she was there in the lane message was incomprehensible. Field- "Come in, you fellows," he and it seemed perfectly reasonable

Spencer nodded. 'Just so!" he murmured.

We were all to have spent the a little on one side. plans. day at the Duke's, and dined there. There was a big shoot for the men, he said. as you know. At breakfast-time, how- ton was taken in." one is a robber, and the ever, Mr. Fielding announced that he had a man coming over with a motor car from Norwich from them to try, and begged to be excused. So we had

"Von Rothe was staying with me r, I never knew Phyllis Poyn- as you know, and just before we You did! Ask yourself whether started he had a telegram that a messenger from the embassy was on his way down. He hesitated time as to whether he ought not to a fraud with a self-confessed stay at home so as to be here when he arrived, but we persuaded him to come with us, and promised to send back after luncheon. When we got to Chestow, however, the wind had beome a gale, and it was impossible to shoot decently. Von Rothe was a little uneasy all the time, I could see so he and I and a few of the others returned here, and the rest went up to Chestow. Just as we arrived Fielding passed us in a great motor car with his daughter behind. When we got to the house Von Rothe inquired for the messenger. He was told that he was in Mr. Fielding's sitting-room but when we got there we found the door locked, and through the key-hole we could hear a man groaning. broke the door in and found Von Rothe's messenger half unconscious, and a rifled despatch box upon the He has given us no coherent floor. account of what has happened yet, but it is quite certain that he was attacked and robbed by Mr. Fielding."
"What was stolen?" Spencer asked.

'Money?" "No, a letter," Lord Runton "Von Rothe says very little, wered. but I never saw a man so broken He has left for London tonight. The matter is in the hands of the of course?" Spencer asked.

Lord Runton shook his head. "Von Rothe took me into his room and locked the door a few minutes after we had discovered what had hap He implored me to keep th he was wearing his ordi-hner clothes, and in reply to publicity in any form. His whole first question assured him career was at stake, he said, and very much more than his career. All that we could do was to follow Mr. Field-"Thanks!" ing and drag him back by force if utler had wheeled a chair up to we could. Even then he had little hope nton filled his glass and sent best, but, of course, we had no chance nter around. Then he turned Mr. Fielding and his daughter simply

"It is a most extraordinary story, Spencer said quietly.

Lord Runton turned towards him. "I have treated you with confidence "Will you tell Mr. Spencer." he said. to see Mr. Fielding today?" Spencer hesitated, but only for

"Certainly." he said. "I came becaus I knew that Mr. Fielding was halfway to America, and his daughter in Russia. Some friends of mine were curious to know who your guests could

Pelham raised his head. 'You lied to me then!" he exclaimed

"I had as much right to lie to you," Spencer answered calmly, "as you had to ask me questions. I had-He stopped short in the middle of his sentence. The faces of the three men were a study in varying expressions. From some other part of the house there came to them the sound tary glow of the match he caught a n, wears glasses, was of a woman's sudden cry of terrorhaven, bald, and limped a lit-ened suddenly to look into the face of death. Duncombe's uplifted glass fell

"Thank you," he said. "I presume with a crash upon the table. The red that your visit this morning was one of wine trickled across the table cloth.

CHAPTER XXII. LORD RUNTON IS SUSPICIOUS. Duncombe was out of the room in a very few seconds. The others hesitated for a moment whether to follow him or not. Spencer was the first to rise to his feet and moved toward the door Lord Runton and Pelham followed a

hall the house was perfectly silent. Duncombe reached the library door just in time to find himself confronted by half a dozen of the men and women house. With his hand upon the door

"Be so good, Mrs. Harrison," he said to the housekeeper, "as to keep better order in the servants' hall. We could hear some girls calling or laughing in declared. "I must go back. The real

"Indeed, sir," Mrs. Harrison answered

"If I require any one I will ring." He passed through the door and

locked it on the inside. In half a dozen "If Lord Runton desires it, I will hasty strides he was across the room Have you been quite fair withdraw." he said slowly. "At the and inside the smaller apartment where same time I must confess that I, too, he had left the girl. With a little gasp am interested in this matter. If Lord of relief he realized that she was there Runton has no objection to my pres- still. She was pale, and a spot of color ence I should like to remain. My dis- was blazing in her cheeks. Her hair and dress were a little disordered. With trembling fingers she was fastening a chair. His eyes sought Spencer's for little brooch into her blouse as he entered. A rush of night air struck him "What has happened?" he called out.

"I have been terrified," she answered 'I am sorry I called out. I could not help it. A man came here-through the window. He talked so fast that I could scarcely hear what he said, but he wanted that paper. I tried to make him understand that I had not got it, but he did not believe me-and he was

Duncombe shut down the window, swearing softly to himself. "I cannot stay with you," he said, 'just now. The whole house is alarmed

at your cry. Listen!" There was a loud knocking at the library door. Duncombe turned hastily "I must let them in," he said. "I will come back to you."

She pointed to the window. "He is coming back," she said, "at 12 "Do you wish me to give up the pa-

"No." "Very well. I will be with you when ing," ing I admit that strange things know that because the postmaster He closed the door softly and drew

"Come in, you fellows," he said. "I this afternoon-how does all this con- ing only laughed, and gave the man a scarcely knew what I was doing when left alone in the library. sovereign. The message was absolute- I locked the door. I fancy one of the "Because," Pelham declared, striking the declared. He told me the table with his fist, "I am not satisfied that the girl who has been stayulating he always coded his messages, amongst the shrubs, but I could find "Neither, thanks. Just a word with

nothing. Come on out with me." Spencer followed with a perfectly grave face. Lord Runton looked puz-"This morning," Lord Runton con- zled. Pelham did not attempt to leave tinued, "Mr. Fielding rather upset our the library. Spencer drew his host

"What a rotten liar you are, George! "I don't think that even Run-

"I suppose it sounded a little thin, Duncombe answered coolly. ."Put it this way, then, so far as you are concerned. The shriek occurred in my house. I've no explanation to offer to anybody. "I like the sound of that better, Dun-

combe," he remarked. "Hullo! What's the matter with Runton?" Lord Runton was calling to them. "You've had a visitor who was in a

hurry, old chap!" he remarked. "Send for a lantern'

Duncombe concealed his annovance. "I don't want to alarm the whole household," he said. "I've a little electric torch in my study. I'll fetch that.' He brought it out. The progress of a man from the road to the small window, toward which Duncombe glanced every now and then apprehensively, was marked by much destruction. The intruder had effected his exit either in great haste or in a singularly unfortunate manner. He had apparently missed the gate, which at this point was only a small hand one, and in clambering over the fence he had broken the topmost strand of wire. He had blundered into a bed of wallflowers, which were all crushed and downtrodden, and snapped off a rose tree in the middle. Below the window were distinct traces of footmarks. Lord Runton, who held the torch, was becom-

ing excited. "Duncombe," he said, "there is something which I have not told you yet. I have had numerous reports in about the car, and was able to trace it as far as Lynn, but they all agreed in saving that it contained only two persons -the griver and the man who called himself Fielding. What became of the

"I have no idea," Duncombe answered steadily. "Of course not," Lord Runton continued, "but don't you think it possible that-without your knowledge, course-she may be hidden somewhere about here? That cry was not like the cry of a housemaid. Let us have

the whole place searched." Duncombe shrugged his shoulders. "As you will," he answered, "I am certain, however, that it will be useless. There is no place here where any one could hide."

"Your servants may know thing." Runton suggested. "I have already questioned them, Duncombe answered.

"Come along, Mr. Spencer." Runton exclaimed, "let us search the grounds." Spencer shook his head 'Waste of time, Lord Runton," he answered. "If you really want to discover the whereabouts of this missing

young lady, and she should by any

chance be close at hand, I should rec

ommend you to induce Sir George to

let you search the room to which those footstens lead ' "The library," Duncombe interrupted "Search it by all means, if you like. I have done so myself al-

Spencer was facing the house "The library!" he remarked reflect-

"Ah! ively. He stooped down to light a cigaretté Suddenly he felt Duncombe's hot breath upon his cheek. In the momensilhouette of a pale, angry face, whose eyes were flashing upon him. 'This isn't your affair, Spencer. Shut

erately. They both followed Lord Runton to the library. Pelham was standing in the middle of the room. He had the appearance of a man listening intently

"George," he asked sharply, "what is on the north side of the room? "The wall!" Duncombe answered. "And beyond?"

"A passage and the billiard-room."

oment or two later. Outside in the "I fancied," he muttered-"but I suppose it must have been fancy. Do the women servants use that passage?"
"Of course! Upon my word," Du Duncombe added, with a nervous little ed to find his task no if you are Mr. Jarvis Spencer, of the servants coming from the back of the laugh, "you all seem to be trying to make my house into a Maskelyne and Cooke's home of mystery. Let us go into the dining-room and have a

Pelham seemed dissatisfied.

object of my coming here. Duncombe, was to see if the Mr. Spencer who tuest should to his host. I pened today in my house, and to ask with some dignity, "the noise, whatever called at Runton Place today was recly." I have lost my temyour advice. May 1?" it was, did not come from the service with the service and it was, did not come from the service with the service was and if so an "To what extent," Lord Runton

Spencer asked quietly.
"To the extent of recovering, or at tempting to recover, the papers which were stolen from the Baron Von Rothe," Lord Runton said." The baron was a guest in my house, and I feel the occurrence very much. He will not let me even mention the matter to the police, but I feel sure that he could not object to Mr. Spencer's tak-ing the matter in hand."

"I think you will find," Spencer said "that Von Rothe has alredy placed the matter in the hands of his own people. The German secret service is pretty active over here, you know. I have come in contact with it once or twice

"Nevertheless, for my own satisfaction," Lord Runton continued, should like the matter inquired into by you, Mr. Spencer.'

"I am not quite sure whether I am free to help you or not," Spencer said slowly. "May I come and see you tomorrow morning?" "If you prefer it," Lord Runton said

doubtfully. "Come as early as possible. Good night, Duncombe! I should like to know who your nocturnal visitor "If he comes again," Duncombe said,

'I may be able to tell you.' out a revolver, slipped it into his Then he rang the bell for Lord Runton's carriage. It seemed to Duncombe that there was a shade of coolness in his visitor's manner as he took his leave. He drew Spencer a little on one side

"I want you to promise to come and see me in any case tomorrow morning." he said. "There is something he comes-before then. I must get rid which I should prefer saying to you in my own house to saying here." Spencer nodded. "Very well," he said. "I will come.

I can promise that much at least." Lord Runton departed. Pelham went off to bed. Spencer and his host were "Billiards, or a whisky and soda in

you here." Spencer answered. Duncombe paused on his way to the Spencer was standing in a reflective attitude, with his hands behind his back, gently balancing

"I am very much disposed," he said, "to accept Lord Runton's offer. Have you any objection?" "Of course I have," Duncombe

upon his toes.

"You are working for me." "Was working for you," Spencer corrected gently. "That is all over, isn't 'What do you mean?" Duncombe ex-

Spencer stood squarely upon his feet He looked a little tired. "My engagement from you

find Miss Phyllis Poynton," he said "You and I are perfectly well softly. aware that the young lady in question is-well, a few yards behind that curtain," he said, motioning with his head towards it. "My task is accomplished, and I consider myself a free man." Duncombe was silent for a moment.

He walked restlessly to the window and back again. "How did you find out that she was here?" he asked.

Spencer looked a little disgusted. 'My dear fellow," he said, " any one with the brains of a mouse must have discovered that. Why, Lord Runton, without any of the intirations which I have received, is a little suspicious. That is merely a matter of A B C. There were difficulties, I admit, and I am sorry to say that I have never solved them. I cannot tell you at this moment how it comes about that a young lady, brought up in the country here, and from all I can learn an ordinary, unambitious, virtuous sort of England in search of a missing brother, and return in a few months the companion of one of the most dangerous and brilliant members of the French secret service. This sort of thing is clean beyond me, I admit. I will frank with you, Duncombe. I have met with difficulties in this case which I have never met with before-peculiar difficulties.'

"Go on!" Duncombe exclaimed eagerly. "I have many sources of information

in Paris," Spencer continued slowly. "I have acquaintances amongst waiters. "But what about Pelham? cabmen, cafe proprietors, detectives, and many such people. I have always found them most useful. I went among them, making careful inquiries about Phyllis Poynton and her brother. They were like men struck dumb. never understand, as we can, the inmouths were closed like rat traps. The tricacy of the situation. And now-to mention of either the boy or the girl the prosaic. seemed to change them as though like He rang the bell. magic from pleasant, talkative men and women, very eager to make the best of their little bit of information, into surly

was the most extraordinary experience have ever come across.' Duncombe was breathlessly interested. "What do you gather from it?" he ready.

idiots, incapable of understanding or

answering the slightest question.

asked eagerly. "I can only surmise," Spencer said slowly, "I can only surmise the existence of some power, some force or combination of forces behind all this, of the nature of which I am entirely ignorant. I am bound to admit that there is a certain amount of fascination to me in the contemplation of any such thing. The murder of that poor girl for instance, who was proposing to give you information, interests me exceed

Duncombe shuddered at the recollect tion. The whole scene was before him once more, the whole series of events which had made his stay in Paris so eventful. He laid his hand upon Spencer's arm.



"Spencer," he said, "you speak as if ornaments, and really I don't think a me, please. Oh, I wish I could make your task had been accomplished. It man has a right to such a delightful you understand," she continued helpisn't. Phyllis Poynton may indeed be manicure set. I felt terribly nervous lessly. "You yourself in Paris only a where you say, but if so it is Phyllis in the lavatory, though. I could hear few weeks ago were in terrible danger. Poynton with the halter about her neck, some one in the billiard-room all the A girl who only gave, or meant to give, with the fear of terrible things in her time." He walked to his desk, and taking heart. It is not you nor I who is the jailer of her captivity. It is some pow- locked the door there, and have the been killed if you had found anything er which has yet to be discovered. Our key in my pocket. No one can get out." task is not finished yet. Tonight I will in from that side." try to question her about this network of intrigue into which she seems to she begged. "I'm ashamed to be so sie lying dead upon the bed in that have been drawn. If she will see you, hungry.' you too shall ask her about it. Don't

think of deserting us yet."

with stole from Von Rothe's messenger, to his so-called daughter, and she in her Place, and surrounded by some of the seemed of all things the best to me turn passed it on to me. It is at this moment in my possession.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I congratulate you upon your pluck, but not upon your discretion. You are interfergreat matter-a matter in which a few lives are like the pawns which are swept from the chessboard. Does any one know this?"

"She and I only. You heard her shriek?

"A man threw up her window and climbed in. He demanded the packet. He searched the room. When he left her he declared that he should return at 12 tonight, and if she did not hand to him then he threatened her." Spencer smiled and rubbed his hands

softly together. "Really," he murmured, "this is most nteresting. I am with you, Duncombe. With you altogether! There is only

one more question." "Well? "You did not know Phyllis Poynton. You took up this search for her out of your friendship for Pelham. You are a rich man, young, strong, with every capacity for enjoyment. What induces you to risk your life in an adventure of this sort? You see, I don't mince

words.' Then Duncombe became grave. His face fell into firm, hard lines. Yet as robbed in his house of some valuable

he spoke there was something about his expression. "It is a fair question," he answered. 'You won't understand me. I don't understand myself. I've a brilliant galaxy of fools behind me. They've made the pages of history interesting. young person, should disappear from have been the butt always of wiser mer such as you. Spencer. The girl in that room may be Phyllis Poynton or the worst adventuress who ever lied her way through the mazes of intrigue, but I love her! She is in my life-a part If I lose her-well, you know what life is like when the flame has gone and only the embers burn.'

Spencer nodded very softly. "That is sufficient," he said. "You speak of things that I myself do not understand. But that is nothing. I know that they exist-but--'

"Pelham has no prior claim," he answered. "As soon as she is safe he shall know the whole truth. I would tell him at this moment, but that I am a little afraid of him. He would

"Groves," he told the butler, "I am nungry. Bring me in anything you can rake up for supper on a tray, and a pint of champagne." Spencer raised his eyebrows smiled. Duncombe nodded. "For her, of course," he said. "I am going to take it in, and I want you to stay here. It is past 11 o'clock al-

CHAPTER XXIII.

HER FIRST KISS. "I was never." she declared, "quite so pleased to see any one in all my life. I was wondering whether it would

occur to you that I was starving?" He set the tray down for her, placed a chair in front of the table, and busied himself opening the wine. All the time was looking at her. "Whatever have you been doing to ourself?" he asker at length.
She laughed soitly.

"Oh, I had to amuse myself some

He smiled and helped her to some before him, and the words died away "You shall have my entire confi- at her neck, the dull metal waistband, to me for a moment. seated in the somewhat worn chair of pretty much in the same tered away as though the world after was already engraven in my heart. And all contained nothing more serious for I went off to Paris, Phyllis, like her than for any other girl. Duncombe veriest Don Quixote, and I came back hated to strike another note, yet he very sad indeed when I could not find knew that sooner or later it must be you. Then you came to Runton Place,

"You are quite sure that you will who you were, Phyllis Poynton, Sybil not have anything else?" he asked. "Absolutely, thanks! I have never njoyed anything so much in my life." He glanced at his watch. It was

half-past eleven.
"I am afraid," he said, "that I am going to be a nuisance to you, but one's friends often are that. I want to be your friend. I want to prove myself such. I am not an inquisitive person, by any means, but fate has declared that I should be your inquisitor. There are some questions which

I am bound to ask you Her face grew suddenly grave

"There is so little," she murmured which I can tell you." "We shall see," he answered. "In the first place, Lord Runton has been here. He is one of my oldest friends. and a very good fellow. He came to tell me that Von Rothe had been papers. He came partly to ask my advice. All the time I was sitting opposite to him, with those papers in

my pocket." She looked at him strangely. "Perhaps," she said quietly, gave them up to him.' "I did not," he answered. "You know very well that I did not."

"It was your duty," she said in low tone. "Perhaps so. On the other hand." he continued. "you trusted me. The papers are safe.

she asked. "He knows nothing!"
She looked at him steadfastly-not with any appearance of doubting his word, and yet as though she were re-

volving something in her mind concern-

ing him. "I am thinking," she said, "how much better it would have been for both of us if we had never met.' "The fates thought otherwise," he answered. "I searched Paris for you, only to find you at my gates. fates meant you to be my friend. We

fully.

"You have been very good to me, she said, "but you don't under-"Precisely!" he interrupted. "I don't understand. I want to. To begin with-what in this world induced you to throw in your lot even for an hour

"I can answer no questions concerning myself," she said sadly. He smiled. as all that, is it? Sooner or later your away.' friends are sure to find you, and they will not be content with such a state-

ment as that. You were summoned one day to Paris by or on behalf of your brother, who had unaccountably dis-appeared there. You immediately appear to have followed suit. You no friends in Paris-neither, I think. had he. I believe I am correct in saybeen there before. If your brother has fallen into bad hands, and if those my same people are trying to work upon my your fears by leading you into this

sort of thing-well, I have friends who are powerful enough to bring you safely out of any den of thieves in the world. You are in an impossible situation, my dear young lady. Nature never meant you for an adventuress. There is no necessity for you to become Why do you look at me like

There was terror in her face. He had hoped to reassure her, to give her courage. On the contrary every word he spoke only seemed to increase her distress.

"Oh, I am afraid!" she murmured "I wish I had taken my chance. I ought not to have burdened you for a moment with my affairs. I have given you the right to ask me ques tions which I cannot answer.' He was perplexed.

"If you have given promises to these -" he began. "Oh, there is no question of prom ises," she interrupted. "I am here of my own free will. I refuse to answer any questions. I pray only if you would be generous that you ask

none, that you keep

until tomorrow, and let me go, not only

from this place, but out of your life

Then indeed I will be grateful to you."

He took her hand in his. She yielded it without any attempt at resistance, but it lay in his palm a cold, dead thing "I am only concerned for your good, he said gently. "It is your happiness only that I am anxious for. You were born or trained for a life of lies

and crime. I want to save you from it before it is too late. "What I do," she said slowly, "I do of my own free will." "Not quite, I think," he answered, "but let that pass. Listen! If you will not talk to me about these things, will

you talk to my friend, Jarvis Spencer? He is a gentleman, and a journalist by profession, but he is also one of the cleverest amateur detectives in Eng-She held up her hands with a little

gesture of horror. Her eyes were alight with fear. "No!" she cried. "No! A thousand times, no! Don't let him come near

you information about my brother and "That's all right!" he declared. "I've me was murdered. You too would have He would have answered her lightly,

gloomy little room suddenly rose up

more chicken. If he talked he was upon her lips. He was silent for a "My dear Duncmobe," Spencer said, scarcely conscious of what he said. All moment, and glanced again at his "I may as well confess at once that the time his eyes kept straying towards watch. It wanted only five minutes to sole interest I felt in Lord Runton's her. She had taken off her jacket and 12. He came and leaned over her chair. offer was that it is closely connected was dressed simply en h in a blouse "Phyllis," he said, "what am I to do with the matter we have been discuss- of some soft white ma: "I and a dark about you? I cannot let you go out of skirt. Everything, from the ornaments my life like this. No, you must listen dence, Spencer," Duncombe declared, and the trim shoes, seemed to him to sent for me after you had disappeared The man who called himself Fielding be carefully chosen, and the best of he showed me your picture. I am not was badly wounded, and he passed here their sort. She wore no rings, and her exactly the sort of man of whom almost unconscious. He entrusted the fingers had the rosy pinkness of health. knight-errants are made. I have never paper or letter, or whatever it was, he If she had seemed graceful to him be- gone a mile out of my way to meet any most beautiful women in the country. I am settled down here, and I expectshe seemed more than ever so now, ed to go on for the rest of my days The color, too, seemed yet when Pelham showed me to have come back to her cheeks. She ture it was different. I made him give seemed to have regained in some meas- a copy to me. I told him--liar that I ure her girlishness. Her eyes were ever was-that I could not carry the memready to laugh into his. She chat- ory of your face in my mind, when it

> Fielding or any one else. I let the others dispute. You were—yourself, and I love you, dear. Now do you understand why I cannot let you go away like this?" He had both her hands in his now, but her face was turned away. Then, without any warning, there came a soft

rapping at the door which led into the library. Duncombe reached it in a couple of strides. He opened it cautiously and found Spencer standing there. "I thought it best to let you know he said, "that a carriage has stopped in the lane. If I can be of any assist-

ance I shall be here-and ready

Duncombe nodded and closed the door. The girl was sitting upright in her chair, with the old look of fear in her eyes. "Who was that?" she asked quickly. "Spencer," he answered. "He discovered your presence here, but he is perfectly discreet. He knocked to tell me

that a carriage had stopped in the lane outside." She was white with fear, but he only aughed, and stooping down would have taken her hands once more. But at that moment an unexpected sound intervened. The deep silence of the house was broken by the ringing of the front

Duncombe started back. The girl half rose to her feet. "The front door!" he exclaimed. "The "Does he know that you have them? servants will have gone to bed. I must answer it myself." She clung to him with a sudden abandon. She was white to the lips.

door bell.

immediately.

"I am afraid," she moaned. leave me alone." He glanced toward the window, "By Jove, it may be a trap!" he ex-

claimed. "Let them ring. I'll stay here with you.' They stood hand in hand listening, His head was turned toward the door. but the gentle pressure of her fingers drew him around. Her face was upmust be careful not to disappoint turned to his. Something of the fear had gone. There was an eager, almost She shook her head a little wist- desperate, light in her softened eyes. and a tinge of color in her cheeks. He caught her into his arms and their lips met. She disengaged herself almost

"I don't care," she said with a little laugh. "That is the first kiss I have ever given to a man, and very likely it will be the last. You won't be able to with the man who called himself Field-say that I have gone away without paying my bill. Now go and open the front door, Sir George.'

He hesitated for a moment 'Say only one word, Phyllis, and no "Come," he said, "it isn't so serious one in the world shall ever take you

She did not even answer him He left her with a little sigh. Spencer," he said, "if you hear the slightest noise in that room go in and shout for me. Spencer nodded. The front door bell

rang again. USE YOUR KODAK TODAY

And take your films to Harry Shipler, 151 So. Main, for expert developing and printing. At the electric sign Shipler.